# The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 74, No. 162.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice November, 1887, as second-class matter.

BUSINESS OFFICE,
Cor. Smithfield and Diamond Streets.
News Rooms and Publishing House, 78 and 80 Diamond Street, New Dispatch Building.

EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, ROOM 78, TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK, where complete files of THE DISPATCH can always be found.

THE DISPATCH is on sale at LEADING HOTELS throughout the United States, and at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, New York, and 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France.

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POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

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THE DAILY DISPATCH is delivered by carriers at 15 cents per week, or, including Sunday Edition, at 20 cents per week.

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POSTAGE—Sunday issue and all triple number copies, 2c; single and double number copies, 1c.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, OCT. 23, 1892.


# TWENTY PAGES.

## MR. LINCOLN'S INTELLIGENCE.

Minister Lincoln in an interview, in which he also refers to the official restraints on his communicativeness, states that there is good prospect for a sufficient change in England's monometallic policy to enable the coming monetary conference to effect a decided increase in the use of silver as a money metal. The manner in which Mr. Lincoln's statement is made gives it especial weight, and permits a distinct hope that the monetary conference may be followed by definite results.

There is good reason for a change in England's policy, if that policy is to be shaped by the wish for an ample and unchanging supply of monetary metals. The monometallic movement has amply demonstrated that the supply of gold is not large enough for the monetary needs of the entire world. A nation in Eastern Europe cannot make the effort to accumulate a gold reserve without causing the demand to be felt in this country. The consequence is that the purchasing power of gold is constantly rising. Instead of the yardstick being shortened, as is the claim with regard to silver as a measure of values, it is being slowly but steadily lengthened by the exclusive use of gold.

International co-operation can effect the use of silver side by side with gold and supplement its functions so as to provide an indefinite enlargement of the world's supply of money metals. A new ratio is probably necessary; and that necessity is one of the main reasons for holding the conference.

## NOT 'ILLIMITABLE' YET.

Speaking of the contracts given out by the International Steamship Company under the law admitting the steamers City of New York and City of Paris to United States registry, on condition of building an equal tonnage in the shipyards of this country, the Washington *Post* enthusiastically remarks that "it will furnish an almost illimitable field for American investment, revive the shipbuilding interest, and many times multiply American prestige upon the seas."

It will do so when the privileges extended by the act to a single corporation are made open to everyone desiring to use them upon equal conditions. But the field can hardly be regarded as illimitable so long as the power of entering it is limited, as it was by the act of Congress. This was the weak point of the act as pointed out by THE DISPATCH at the time of its passage. There is just as much reason for letting other companies or individuals buy foreign-built ships on condition of contracting for an equal tonnage to built at home as there is for letting the one to which the operation of the act is limited. And as the universal agreement is that this policy is a good one for the revival of American shipping it is clear that the way to make the policy a great one is to open its privileges to all on equal terms.

An early step should be made to amend the law by removing its restrictions. Business opportunities opened by legislation to a few should be open to all.

## THE GREAT GAME OF FOOTBALL.

Football is a very exciting game, and of all athletic sports, it is best fitted for winter. That it is taking on immensely is proved not alone by the enormous interest in the annual college matches, but in the spread of the sport throughout all the Northern States.

But spectators cannot fail to observe that football at all times is a dangerous game, and that unless where played under the strictest discipline and sharpest vigilance of umpires, it is liable to degenerate into violence that may leave victims for life. The terrible case at Poughkeepsie, Friday, in which a young man received a concussion of the brain, from which death resulted in a few hours, is but a single illustration of the constant perils to the players. That fatal injury occurred from a collision of runners—an incident of "tackling"—but the most prolific source of injuries is in the "rushing" and crowding upon the prostrate body of the player who holds the ball. Only careful training and a perfect physical condition can make players proof against the extraordinary force and pressure employed in the game as it is now played.

How the risks are to be lessened, and the public interest as well as the enthusiasm of the players kept up, is a problem. It seems to be a fact that the greater the danger the greater fascination both for public and players. The college men—such as the famous teams of Yale, Princeton and Harvard—manage to get out of the hottest contests with usually a crop of superficial or transient injuries, but seldom with permanent hurt to their members. But the exercise, training and self-control of these crack college teams are the result of months and often of years of previous "coaching" and co-operation. When every city, and as [illegible] baseball, every country to [illegible] up its various football teams and the thorough training of the college teams cannot be had, the liability of the individual player to injury will be vastly increased.

There is something very exciting to spectators in the struggle on the football field. Assuredly there is no game played that calls at once for such muscle, pluck, feet and brains. When Prof. Totten, the Yale military instructor, likened the qualities developed in football and the principles which govern it, to those that control the art of war between armies, he was perfectly correct. It is a game which the public will like the more as they understand its points. But all the same the fact that the young men who go into it may come out injured for life by concussions affecting the spine, the head or other vital parts, is a serious and painful aspect of the new sport. It is true there are styles of game as are played in Great Britain and in Ireland which call for running and kicking only—but these are tame and uninteresting compared with the terrific concentration of mind and muscle required in football as it is now played in this country. The prospect, therefore, is that football will continue with us, dangers and all.

## THE CLOSING CANVASS.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the political situation, as shown by the elaborate and instructive review of the canvass published in THE DISPATCH this morning, is the increased number of States necessary to be heard from before any party can be absolutely sure of national victory. While the points which were pivotal four and eight years ago are still of the first importance, a number of new battlefields, North and South, have since developed. On election night the Democratic managers will look anxiously for the returns from Alabama, West Virginia and Tennessee to make sure that the section so long theirs is still solid. Republican leaders, while having every reason to believe that Wisconsin, Iowa and Kansas will return to their allegiance, will eagerly wait for figures to sustain their confidence. Six new States, which have never previously participated in a Presidental contest, add to the complications and interest.

The manifestations of the past ten days have been such as to encourage those who believe that the continued prosperity of the country will be best assured by the success of the party which stands unequivocally for home industries and a sound monetary system. The brief but telling speech of Mr. Blaine unquestionably had much to do with the present Republican vigor and confidence. In New York, especially, there has been an apparent strengthening of the lines which gives assurance to the party throughout the country. The reports of heavy registration, not only in the city, but throughout the Empire State, indicate that the much-talked-of apathy is more superficial than genuine. A full vote has been the Republican desire and the Democratic dread. The indications that the people are thoroughly aroused to the importance of the struggle at all doubtful and decisive points afford strong ground for the conviction that their verdict will be such as to secure the continued welfare of the nation under a protective policy.

## SQUIRMING ON THE WILDCAT ISSUE.

The New York *Post* feels very much aggrieved because a cotemporary declares its assertion that it has not "heard from or heard of anybody" who is in favor of an unconditional repeal of the tax on the circulation of State banks, "an uncommonly glaring exhibition of inveracity." After which the *Post* goes on to specify that certain public men and journals have supported the proposition with such conditions as requiring that the States shall guarantee the redemption of bank notes (which would be virtually emitting bills of credit and a violation of the Constitution); that the securities shall be of the same kind as those required for national bank notes and so on.

As to the first question at issue if the *Post* was not guilty of inveracity, it made a remarkable exhibition of ignorance. There was a certain body called the National Democratic Convention, which declared in favor of the repeal of the tax. Now when people declare in favor of repealing a tax, if they deem conditions essential to that repeal, they state the conditions. Moreover, the question of what conditions, as to the security of bank circulation are to be attached to an act merely repealing a tax, is one of those little puzzles which are dodged in these discussions. The Democratic party simply calls for the repeal without conditions, and the *Post* is supporting that party in the present election to the extent of swallowing a heroic dose of Tammany.

Finally, if, as the *Post* intimates, the proposition is to permit State banks to issue bank notes on similar security as the national banks, what is the Democratic proposition but a sop to the Southern hatred of that production of Republican legislation? Every State bank now or hereafter to be created can issue circulation by complying with the requirements of the national banking act. There is no purpose in multiplying legislation or dividing responsibility unless the new kind of circulation is to be issued on less security than the national bank notes.

## FACING THE MUSIC.

An unaccustomed bit of praise for ex-Governor J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, is elicited from the New York *Sun*. The reason of the praise is that Foraker in a recent speech took occasion to defend the alleged force bill which the esteemed *Sun* is pleased to regard the sole issue of the campaign. In its delight at finding an opponent to take up the other side in its alleged fight, the *Sun* designates General Foraker as "Another man who faces the music."

There is something especially happy in this description. The force bill issue—if it can be designated by that term—is a comic opera sort of issue; and the man who takes up its debate may be truly said to face the music—of a light and facetious variety. Moreover Governor Foraker's detractors have been wont to describe him as a comic opera sort of politician which makes it more appropriate that he should do what the *Sun* praises him for.

What is meant by facing the music so far as the political issue is concerned, is also of interest. Governor Foraker in this speech declared: "All that we Republicans ask is that every man be allowed to vote, be he white or black, rich or poor, Democrat or Republican; that he may go to the polls free and untrammeled, and that his ballot be counted. The right of franchise is preservative of all other rights." Now if this is, as the *Sun* says, candidly meeting the issue does it not put the Democratic position of opposing this desire of the Republican party in the light of seeking power by a dishonest and unrepublican suppression of the liberty of the franchise?

The *Sun* is the party that must face the music on this definition of its favorite issue. That is more than it has done on the other issues of the campaign. Cartropes cannot constrain it to face the music on the tariff issue as laid down by the platform and record of its party.

## TREASON IN CANADA.

While the courts of Pennsylvania are engaged with a charge of treason of one variety, and the Democratic party of New York is arraigning one of its own officials of another, Canada is approximating to an uproar over a third variety. The charge there is that the subjects of the Canadian Government and titularly of the British Empire who go so far as to discuss the question of annexation to the United States in a favorable way are guilty of treason. This is the assertion of Mr. Bowell, the Minister of Militia, at least so far as the advocacy of annexation by an officer of militia is concerned.

Canada has not gone the length of prosecuting any of the annexationists for treason. The utmost length so far has consisted of the dismissal of Lieutenant Macdonald, the officer of militia, who was guilty of annexationist views and in hurling that hard word at Elgin Myers, the annexationist editors and some people the irate Toronto *World* darkly designates as "certain Ontario officials." The net result of the fuss is therefore to establish the fact that the existence of annexation feeling in Canada is not so entirely a product of the Yankee imagination as the Canadian Government would heretofore have had us understand.

According to the usual definitions of treason, the proposal to shift the allegiance of Canada to the United States comes nearer that offense than anything this continent has known for some years. But it is to be questioned whether the world, or at least the Anglo-Saxon half of it, has not got past the stage of inflicting the pains and penalties of treason for the peaceful discussion of a proposed change of government. The same definition would make those who advocate republican government in England guilty of treason. But England, even under Tory rule, has recognized that the day is past for either prosecuting such men as traitors or even refusing them seats in the English Parliament.

In the Canadian case the use of that bitter word has, it is reported, increased the annexation sentiment rather than diminished it. It looks as if the feeling will spread until the majority of that nation will demand admission to the United States. If that demand is unmistakably made, apart from factional feeling inconsistent with our institutions, we think that Canada may be admitted to the Union.

## ANTE-ELECTION PROPHECIES.

The national campaign committees have enlivened the campaign by sending out the usual ante-election predictions of the result. Chairman Carter, Mr. Manley, Mr. Mosely and others present reports from New York, Alabama, West Virginia, Indiana and Wisconsin, on which they base predictions of Republican victory. Mr. Harrity keeps up his end of the string, by proclaiming his confidence of Democratic victory.

All of which is more likely to contribute to the gayety of the campaign than to afford the public any indication of the probabilities of the election. It is the regular thing at about this stage of the campaign for the committees to emit statements to the effect that careful surveys of the ground show that each party is certain of victory. Owing to the well-known impossibility of more than one party carrying the election, the result has shown exactly fifty per cent of these predictions to be entirely incorrect.

Nevertheless it is considered the necessary thing for the committees to claim the certainty of victory during the last two weeks of the campaign. Why it should be considered advisable to advertise a fictitious certainty of victory is one of the political problems of the day. Its most tangible result is to convince the public of the unreliability of the politicians indulging these prophecies.

It is, however, to be credited to the Republican predicters that they show a desire to recognize some proportion of the existing facts by admitting that the fight will be close. This is an improvement on the Democratic method of claiming everything in sight. Meanwhile if the voter wishes to get at the facts about as they are, and then judge for himself, he will find material in the full review of the situation in THE DISPATCH this morning—carefully prepared and entirely impartial.

## DESTRUCTIVE TO CALAMITY POLITICS

Much as the Democrats may rage and the free traders imagine vain things, they have not yet been able to break the showing or take away the force of the following little collection of statistical totals:

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| Net increase of wages, New York State, in 1891, as reported by Commissioner Peck (Dem.) | $6,877,925 |
| Net increase of production, New York State, in 1891, as reported by Commissioner Peck (Dem.) | 31,315,130 |
| Net increase of savings bank deposits, New York State, in 1891, as reported by Superintendent Preston (Dem.) | 15,765,448 |
| Amount invested in building and loan associations, New York State, in 1891, as reported by Superintendent Preston (Dem.) | 18,789,790 |
| Increase in valuation of real and personal property, New York State, in 1891, as reported by Democratic Board of Equalization | 152,347,753 |

These are corroborating evidences, gathered from separate sources by Democratic officials, of the prosperity of the most populous State of the Union. The only answer which Democracy has found is to frantically impeach the official of their own party whose labors have furnished two of the five items as a traitor to Democracy. But, as the charge of treason has not yet extended to other Democratic proofs of prosperity which corroborate Commissioner Peck's figures, the Democratic calamity campaign is left in a demoralized condition.

The Democratic idea of founding its hopes on industrial adversity was an unfortunate one in the first place. But its illadvisedness is made cumulative when the reports of Democratic authorities knock the adversity theory into small fragments.

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APROPOS of his abhorrence for a campaign of office seekers General Sickles will no doubt remember that there is a certain political organization in New York with which he is on terms of intimacy at present that is somewhat celebrated for its spoils-hunting proclivities. When the kettles take to keeping themselves clean maybe the pots will follow their example. Meanwhile the nation would do well to awake to the advantages of getting rid of the blackness on political utensils, and set to work in an earnest effort to secure a cleanly brightness by a vigorous process of scrubbing and burnishing, aided by the selection of such material for future use as is polished and untarnishable.

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ARGENTINIA has a revolution now. But it is a small one even for a South American affair.

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AFTER all the variegated blap-trap, couched in vague but inlit language against protection and particularly against the McKinley bill, the intelligent citizen cannot fail to notice that none of the Democratic candidates or orators undertake to lay down in figures any tariff schedule as a substitute for the one the party denounces and proposes to destroy. The anti-protection prospectus is of the vaguest sort. Since the candidates turned the cold shoulder on the Chicago platform, nobody knows what measures of tariff reform they want—how much or how little.

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THERE is some slight increase in the political temperature as the end of the campaign draws near, but the popular enthusiasm is still remarkably Laodician when the importance of the issues is considered.

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VERY few men lose their votes by betting on elections, but just as many lose money as win it. And, of course, most of the citizens who leave their local, State or National Government in the hands of those who take a vigorous interest therein for reasons of personal advancement alone, prize their money more highly than their votes. So that, aside from the fact that according to statute a man loses his vote by betting on an election, he will be wise to save his money by abstaining from gambling.

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A POLITICIAN can hardly be profitable to his party without becoming a prophet at this time. But rainbow-chasing is not so conducive to a reputation for accuracy as to be entirely attractive to everyone.

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SECRETARY CHARLES FOSTER, of the Treasury Department, knows a good deal of the inside of politics. His statements, therefore, as to the uses to which money is customarily put during a campaign may be regarded as authoritative. They are complimentary neither to the professional politicians nor to the people who permit themselves to be governed by patriots-for-revenue-only. It rests with the people to suppress the evil.

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THERE appears to be only one cry upon which the Democratic party at this time is consistently united. And that is in the bitter cry for some of the perquisites of office.

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SPAIN grudgingly supplied Columbus with the means to set out on his exploratory voyage, after he had appealed in vain for aid from the English court. England missed a mighty opportunity then, and now America far outshines England. And the result is that the British press to-day indulges a petty insular spleen in referring to the celebrations of the United States to-day which is as ludicrous as it is contemptible and piteous.

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WHAT time Mr. Cleveland can spare from explaining away the Chicago platform he devotes to concealing his substitute for the policy of protection.

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THE brutality of the Chicago police in handling the crowds during the recent parades, as described by the *Herald* of that city, is a striking contrast to the behavior of the New York officers during the Eastern celebrations. Efficiency and brutality never go together in a police force, and there will have to be great reforms if the visiting public is to be properly protected during the progress of the World's Fair.

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A PARTY whose platform is too unsound for its own candidate to stand on is not a party to be placed in power with impunity.

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BETWEEN those Democratic leaders who declare that Protection is unconstitutional and those that say that a little of the unconstitutional policy is all right, it is not quite clear upon what grounds the party is appealing to the nation. A man or a party afraid or unable to define his or its principles is not the man or the party to be entrusted with the administration of a great nation.

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To avoid ambiguity, General Sickles should always illustrate his remarks by a diagram at the time of making them.

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THE conviction dawning upon the American, British and German governments that the Samoa Convention was a great mistake is an indication that a superfluity of culinary artists is still apt to be detrimental to the quality of the consomme.

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NEXT to the discovery of America there is nothing like a sensational murder to attract popular notice.

## CELEBRITIES IN CLOVER.

THE Queen of Siam has the smallest feet yet seen on a titled woman. She wears one and a half in boots.

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LADY TENNYSON, widow of the late Lord Tennyson, has gone from Haslemere to Lymington for a change of scene. She is very much prostrated with grief.

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MRS. PYNE is the first woman compositor who has been admitted into the London Typesetters' Union, and will receive the same rate per thousand as is paid to the men.

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M. PASTEUR attains the age of 70 years two days after next Christmas; and a Danish society, that of Physical and Chemical Sciences, will offer him a medal on that occasion.

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THE marriage of Edwin Gould, second son of Jay Gould, and Miss Sarah C. Shrady adopted daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George F. Shrady, will take place next Wednesday evening.

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W. M. CONWAY, a daring English mountaineer, has succeeded in climbing to the top of one of the peaks of the Hindu Kush range, on the borders of Kashmir, to the height of 23,000 feet.

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SECRETARY FOSTER is the thirty-first Secretary of State, and six of his 30 predecessors became President—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren and Buchanan.

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A BOOM for a female laureate has started up in England among women who believe that a woman Sovereign would appoint a woman to succeed Tennyson. Miss Ingelow is mentioned in this connection.

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MR. WALTER BESANT has been settling as clearly as possible a much vexed question—that the proper pronunciation of his name—by stating that he prefers to have it uttered with the stress on the last syllable.

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PROF. C. E. MONROE, who has resigned the post of chemist at the Newport Torpedo station in order to accept a chair in the Columbian University, at Washington, once received a fright in the laboratory which suddenly turned his hair white, although he says he cannot now recall the particulars.

### The Only Paper Without Columbus.

[Chicago Mail.]

The man who wants a paper without Columbian matter in it nowadays should lose no time in subscribing for a good sample of sandpaper.

### Mrs. Emmons Blaine's Memorial.

AUGUSTA, ME., Oct. 22.—Mrs. Emmons Blaine has given $1,000 for a new public library here. The gift is in memory of her husband.

### THAT IS SO.

It is said that truth is gold—
That is so!
That it yields a hundred fold;
That its champions win the prize
Which endures and never dies—
That is so!

It is said that Sin brings pain—
That is so!
That its work is loss, not gain;
That it kills the soul and brings
Never balm but many stings—
That is so!

It is said that Goodness thrives—
That is so!
That it blesses human lives;
That at last, when earth has flown,
It shall gain a starry crown—
That is so!

Life is transient at the best—
That is so!
But, with Goodness for our guest,
Truth shall guide us to the prize
That endures and never dies—
That is so!

*—Ralph Dugan in New York Ledger.*

## THE GOSSIP OF POLITICS.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

—The most strenuous efforts are being made at both headquarters to "catch the Irish vote," whatever that may be. The "Irish vote" seems to be somewhat different from any other vote, in that it must be "caught." It is customary to consider the "Irish vote" something in the light of a flea in agility and elusiveness, and as something to be scrambled after, sat upon and held down until after the election. A good many speeches are being made just now with that particular end in view.

The various processes by which the political managers essay to catch the Irish vote must be amusing to Irishmen. The professional Irishman is dropping into the background of American politics, and a good deal of the old-time conventional blarney and clap-trap has happily gone with him. It may be because the Irish are losing clannishness, or acting "up to snuff." It may be because the professional Irishmen is pretty well provided for at the public crib, and has to be brought home from foreign service at great expense, or the home article comes too high. Anyhow, the professional Irishman in politics is rapidly falling to the rear along with the professional soldier. And it will be a pleasant day for free government when the professional Irishman and the professional soldier shall have both lain down to permanent rest. The real, unpretentious articles are all right.

But to return to the amusing political pastime of "catching the Irish vote." Everybody knows that the way to the head of an Irishman is through his heart, and the way to the heart of an Irishman is through old Ireland.

"Give 'em plenty of Ireland," were the instructions of a campaign manager to a campaign speaker as the latter was going forth to "catch the Irish vote." "Never mind the issues of the day—give 'em plenty of Ireland."

"And you bet I did," remarked the orator on his return. "They whooped and yelled at every twist of the lion's tail."

The popular method of "catching the Irish vote," you will see, is by twisting the British lion's tail. Mr. Blaine himself is something of a tail twister, and his little speech at Ophir Farm showed that he was still nimble of touch when it comes to the Irish vote.

While the process of "catching the Irish vote" is chiefly one of blarney and air heavily impregnated with old Ireland, there are valuable accessories, such as tearing down the British flag and trampling it under foot and dragging it in the dust and spitting on it and all that sort of thing. The recent occurrences of the flag racket indicate the probability of its being overworked. If it should grow on us we may possibly see the scheme introduced on the platform. A red rag to a bull is a buckwheat blossom to a honey bee by the side of the British flag to an Irish-American. To introduce the British flag at a public meeting and at the proper moment have it torn down, ripped up the back, spat upon in several languages, and the fragments trailed in the mud would please the most conservative Irishman and cause the roaring home rulers of the United States to tear up the ground with excessive enthusiasm. I don't suppose the British Government would care; but if the lion growled a little it would be all the better for "catching the Irish vote."

### A Joke at Cabby's Expense.

—The other day Mr. Magrame Coxe, a Democratic swell of the Manhattan Club, a man about town and all 'round good fellow, got a cab early in the day. Mr. Coxe had not been up at that early hour in the day since he was a boy and the world looked strange to him. Nobody knew him and he knew nobody. But he was chairman or something of a committee or something or other and had a busy day ahead, and he hired a cab so he could think. The cabman drove him around everywhere and in every direction, apparently for a couple of hours, then landed him at No. 139. Mr. Coxe was closeted a long time with the committee and the cabman began to grow anxious about his fare. Just then Colonel Smalley came down the steps and started up town. The cabman stopped him and asked if his fare was inside.

"I don't know," replied the Colonel, "but you'd better keep a sharp lookout on the house."

"That bloomin' rascal has had me drivin' him all 'round town for two hours," growled the cabman an' like as not he's a tryin' to give me the hoodoo. Say, whose house is that?

"Democratic headquarters."

"The deuce it is. Then I'm gone, sure."

"The man will be out directly," said Colonel Smalley, going back to the steps to see the effect of his dastardly funny business. "He'll probably say he's a clubman and a big politician or something, but he's a fraud."

Pretty soon Coxe came out, and ambling down the steps was walking away.

"Hold on, there!" shouted the now excited cabman, dashing up to the curb and hastily coming off his perch.

"Remain there—I'm going round the corner a minute," said Coxe.

"Come, now, that won't work, old man. You can't work no sich games on me. I'm dead onto yer racket—better life!"

The cabman grabbed the astonished clubman by the shoulder and demanded his pay right then and there. The appearance of Colonel Smalley with that merry face of his gave the victim a clear view of the situation.

A hasty explanation, an abject apology from the cabman, a laugh all round, and Colonel Smalley entered the cab with the clubman and the whole outfit stopped in front of the first cafe in the neighborhood.

The cab alone remained outside. But I presume the cabman was now watching both fares.

### Foemen That Love Each Other.

—It is from the inside that Colonel Tom Carter telephones his best respects to Democratic headquarters immediately after breakfast, and Mr. Frank Harrity returns the compliment immediately, although there is apparently no reason why he shouldn't keep it. It is not within my power to record the exact conversation, but I presume it is something like this:

Colonel Carter—I say, old man, how's your head this morning?

Harrity—All right, Colonel, I'm used to little things like that. We'll put a head on you to-day. How's the ice wagon?

Carter—Loaded for bear!

Harrity—Polar bear, eh?

Carter—We'll unload it on you in the evening papers: I don't know whether you can bear it or not.

Harrity—What's the nature of this fresh attack?

Carter—I'll send you over the proof sheets—you can then have your denial affidavits ready for the morning papers.

Harrity—Thanks, old chap. Had breakfast yet?

Carter—Oh, yes; you?

Harrity—Yes. How does the thing look to you this morning?

Carter—I'm inclined to think you've got us this time. Harrison is almost too heavy a load for any party to carry.

Harrity—Oh, you're all right. Your man has a walkover. I wish you only had our "old puddin'" on hand. I'm afraid we're a goner.

Carter—Well, goodby old man; must go to work—

"You more than sheep I love."

Harrity—"You I more than turkey love."

Carter—"When they softly bleat—ba."

Harrity—When they softly gobble"—

Both—"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Gobble, gobble!"

The familiar refrain sighs along the wires for a few seconds with the exquisite tenderness of two harmoniously blended souls. Then all is silent, and you can hear the telegraph poles drop and can smell the odor of sizzling insulation and burned out switchboards.

### A Campaign Novelette.

—He was a member of the Young Men's Republican Club. He was young. He was beautiful—as male beauty goes in his part of town. He wore good clothes—as good clothes go in East Broadway. He was sentimental. He was in love. He wore an image in his heart as he went his daily rounds at labor—the image of one whom he called "her." He had carried this image around for two years and was now on his last lap. For he intended to bring things to a point this very night.

The object of his affection was a plain, common sense young girl of sweet 17, who was born to the affluence of hard work and bred to call the fluted supports of a grand piano "legs" and to toil in a box factory at $3 a week. She wore plain clothes and paid for them, and was not ashamed of them or of herself.

She had plain brown hair worn short. Her nose was a plain every-day nose—neither snub, roman, aquiline, retrousse, or indeed any peculiar style—but was clean and quite suitable for her own private affairs. She wore her plain ears without self-consciousness, just as she wore her hat when she went to the shop. Her eyes were neither large and liquid, nor little round blue bullets that embarrass and make you afraid. They were simply plain seven-days-in-the-week eyes that saw things as they are and never took a 20-cent piece for a quarter.

Her name was Mary Jane—a good, plain, old-fashioned name that suggests square meals and plenty of children.

The evening passed very pleasantly, in some respects—his shoes didn't pinch him as much as he thought they would.

They were both somewhat distraught. Neither of them would know what that means, but that is what they were. He probably thought her pining, or melancholy, or poetical; she thought he was off his feed.

As the evening grew apace he began to feel warm under his shirt collar, while she only regarded him more philosophically and waited for what she now knew was coming, though coming like an old snaz being pulled with bullet molds. At last he fell at her feet.

"Mary," he said, "I love you!"

"Laws! John, I know that! Give me something new!"

"I'm coming to that, Mary—if you don't break me up—I have loved you long and ardently. I have been keeping company with you now nearly a year. And I may say with the poet that I have known you in season and out of season—"

"Mostly out of season," said Mary Jane, with a wicked laugh.

"Yes, I know—your father told me about the last coal bill. But now I lay my heart at your feet, dear Mary. Will you be mine—mine for aye?"

"For what?" says Mary, with a startled look slashing around over her plain, every-day face.

"Forever! Oh, Mary; I—"

"Look here, John—get up! You want to marry me, I suppose?"

"Certainly! That's it."

"Well, then, say so."

"I do, Mary—I do! And you will—"

"Hold on, John, I have one question to ask you before I answer. On your reply to that question depends our future—whether it is to be hand in hand down life's pathway, or whether it is to be widely apart, every feller for himself."

The young girl rose upon her plain, every-day feet, and looked him steadily and earnestly in the eye. I forget which eye.

He felt a sensation as if several cockroaches with cold feet were racing for a 2-year-old sweepstakes down his spinal column.

"Give it to me straight, John!"

"I will," said he with a sickening feeling of impending disaster.

"Have you registered?" she sternly asked.

"I have—thank God!" he exclaimed.

"Then I am your's," said she.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

NEW YORK, October 22.

## PEEPING INTO THE FUTURE.

### What Aluminum Steamships of the Next Century May Be.

[St. James Budget.]

The pleasure "steamship of the future" is a vast structure built of a metal combining almost unlimited strength with undreamt of lightness. Her dimensions will approximately be three times greater than the steamship Campania—namely, 1,800 feet by 190 feet, and she will be so constructed that, like the well-known polype Hydra of our ponds, should she by any possibility be damaged by collision or stranding, each part of her would live and maintain a separate existence—the outcome of the "cellular" system of which we now see but the initial application.

Save for four towering, but slender poles, doing duty for signalling and effect, the Aluminia will be mastless; but her gigantic oval-shaped "smokestacks" will break the monotony of an outline which otherwise will roughly resemble the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, as it was originally built, minus its transepts and water towers. Steam and electricity combined will be utilized to drive this mighty mass at great speed through the waters; three, if not six, propellers being called into requisition for the purpose. A perfect system of ventilation, sanitation, water supply, lighting, heating and cooking will reign throughout the noble vessel; illumination and the preparing of food being effected entirely by the aid of the goddess "Electra."

An hotel like the Metropole will be the model upon which the domestic arrangements of this singular steamship will be based. There will be public dining and drawing rooms, accommodations for private parties, ladies' boudoirs, snuggeries for smoking, billiard rooms (practicable in fine weather), a library affiliated with Mudie's, a duly licensed place of worship, a concert room and theater, a tennis court, a rifle gallery, a gymnasium and every possible and imaginable facility for athletic exercise and recreation. But the main feature will be the general division of this floating palace into tenements or flats complete in themselves, and consisting of, say, two good sized sitting rooms and four or five bed rooms, with domestic offices attached.

These will be taken by the year, leased or sold in perpetuity to families desirous of the advantages but not possessing the means of keeping up a yacht, but who will readily pay a large rental for the privilege of having a home for all the year round which they can join at any port, sublet if they choose, and where they can always enjoy congenial society amid varied scenes in a genial climate. The route of the Aluminia will be determined by ballot; the general service will be as at any large hotel ashore. A round of amusements will be provided, and families be able to preserve strict privacy or join the general throng, as they desire.

The one thing strictly prohibited on board will be private pianos and the introduction of domestic pets, such as cats and dogs! No postman or telegraph boy will ever interrupt the repose of these marine domiciles. Seasickness will practically be banished, and those who hereafter "go down to the sea in ships" and "do business in great waters" will, in passing the "steamship of the future," salute with mingled astonishment and reverence the ideal of Thomas Moore's "People" riding in silent and resistless majesty over the conquered waves of the once intractable ocean.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS would have been a successful politician. He made a landing, the greatest on earth.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IT was a ten-strike in the real estate line that Mr. Columbus made, and he deserves credit for it.—*Wheeling Register.*

COLUMBUS is entitled to all the honors due to him who leads the way, though others may press close on his heels.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS came nearer finding the earth than any other person among the millions who have wanted it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO adverse criticism of his character as a man can detract from the boldness or grandeur of his unique undertaking.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE same qualities made him great that made Socrates and Washington great. He had convictions and he labored steadfastly to show the truth he knew.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

COLUMBUS was, perhaps, not a perfect man but he was a sincere man, ardent in the pursuit of his purposes and unwearied in the discharge of any duty devolved upon him.—*Harrisburg Star.*

HE was a navigator and his claims to distinction are altogether apart from any other estimate of the man, as are those of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron and many others whom the world calls great.—*Baltimore Herald.*

HIS was a lofty soul which nothing—not even medieval incredulity of science—could fetter. The better part of the land he discovered, considering America as a whole, manifests in its career this soul of Columbus.—*Washington Star.*

## DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

### Emil Dreyer, Danish Consul.

Emil Dreyer, Danish Consul to Chicago, who was a passenger on the steamship Hecla, from Copenhagen, died suddenly on board the vessel as she was anchored off Liberty Island. He was in good health during the voyage and was on deck Thursday as the vessel came up to Quarantine. He was chatting on deck with his wife and daughter, who accompanied him, and expressed his pleasure at once more getting into port. Suddenly he fell back into his steamer chair, and when his wife hastened to his side he was dead. It is supposed his death was caused by heart failure. Mr. Dreyer had been Danish Consul at Chicago for more than 20 years, and was returning from a visit to his native land.

### Mrs. Cecelia P. Johnson.

Mrs. Cecelia P. Johnson died suddenly yesterday afternoon at her home on Shakespeare street, East End, of heart disease. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of G. W. Jessop, of Mt. Washington, and an aunt of James Jessop, assistant pressman of THE DISPATCH. The body will be taken to Baltimore for interment.

### Obituary Notes.

REV. FRANCIS SPRINGER, better known as Chaplain Springer, a Lutheran minister and well known in all Grand Army circles, died Friday night, aged 82.

MARY E. WARD, wife of Thomas D. Hodkinson, of the Pittsburg Nut Coal and Slack Company, died late Friday night, at the family residence, Brockenridge avenue.

CHARLES L. HARRIS, the well-known actor, recently of A. M. Palmer's Company, died at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago yesterday. He had been ill since September 27.

## STATE DEDICATIONS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—The great military parade having been finally abandoned last night, the exercises to-day, in the way of World's Fair matters, were exceedingly simple, consisting of the dedication of several State buildings. Massachusetts and Iowa dedicated their buildings this morning, and this afternoon Rhode Island, New York and Ohio held similar exercises.

The Pennsylvania State buildings will not be completed before next April, so their dedication had to be postponed until that time. Governor Pattison and staff, accompanied by Messrs. P. Foley and Clendenning, of the Pittsburg division of the World's Fair Commission, this morning paid their respects to Vice President Morton and Governor Boies of Iowa. The party left for home on a special train at 5 o'clock this evening, and will arrive in Pittsburg Sunday morning.

### The Empire State Building First.

The first State building dedicated to-day was that of New York. After music and prayer the exercises began with the formal assignment of the building to Exposition uses by Chauncey M. Depew as President of the Board of Managers of the exhibit of the State of New York. Then came the acceptance of the building by Director General Davis and next addresses by Governor Flower and Archbishop Corrigan. The latter said, in part:

"The scientist appears in this that in the domain of nature and positive fact Columbus took nothing for granted. The persistent opposition of the most erudite professors of the day did not disconcert him. While he bowed reverently to the teachings of faith, he brushed away as cobwebs certain interpretations of Scripture, more fanciful than real, and calmly maintained that the word of God cannot be in conflict with scientific truths. As a scientist, again, he was conscious of the grandest untold promise of his discovery.

The dedication poem by William H. McElroy and music by Sousa's Marine Band, successfully brought the dedication to a close.

### A Big Buckeye Celebration.

The Ohio contingent started out for the grounds in state, having a parade with over 2,000 State troops in line. Amid enthusiasm second in volume to the dedication of the preceding day, the Ohio building was formally dedicated. Three of Ohio's favorite sons and almost all those in Chicago who claim the Buckeye State for their birthplace, were present.

An hour before noon Governor McKinley and his staff were waited upon at the Auditorium by the Cleveland Grays. With Governor McKinley were John Sherman and Calvin S. Brice, who occupied places of honor in the procession of carriages which immediately formed and under the escort of the soldiers proceeded toward the World's Fair grounds.

At the building the visitors were regaled with a lunch and a serenade by the Mexican Band, after which they were conducted to the platform on the east front of the building, about which had congregated a great crowd of spectators, and from which the addresses were made. After prayer Mr. Peabody presented to the State of Ohio the handsome building. It was accepted by Governor McKinley, who responded as follows:

"I receive the State building, the keys of which you have just handed me in behalf of the State and for the uses of its people. I believe all will agree that your work has been well and faith